



Five Million Children

Go to School, Each School-Day Morning, on a Dish of Quaker Oats.

And other millions don't.

Side by side they work and play, learn, develop and compete.

Side by side, in later years, they face the world's big problems.

One gets the utmost in energy-food. The next one something less.

One gets an abundance of protein, phosphorus and lecithin. Another, less or none.

One is fed on a food that develops the thyroid, the gland which controls brain development. Another lacks that food.

Which of those children, in your estimation, has the better chance?

Quaker Oats

*The World's Delicious Breakfast—
And Its Supper, Too*

The Quaker Oats children get, in addition, the world's favorite cereal dish.

So superior, so widely known, that hosts of people send ten thousand miles to get it.

So matchless in flavor that a thousand million dishes are now needed to supply one winter's wants.

Even ordinary oats, prepared without skill, form a dish which no other grain can rival.

The insidious flavor, the smoothness and richness, belong to no other grain foods.

And scientists and laymen, workers and thinkers, all agree on the help which one gets from oatmeal.

But Quaker Oats gives you these things at their maximum.

These are selected oats, picked out by 62 siftings.

From a bushel of oats we get, on the average, only 10 pounds of Quaker.

Those are the choice oats—the rich,

plump grains—just the cream of the crops in quality and flavor.

We bring them to you in the form of flakes—big, luscious, clean and sterilized by heat.

We bring them in cleanly packages—just these choice, selected grains.

And the cost, despite all this selection, is but one-half cent per dish. That's because the grains discarded are used in other ways.

That's why millions and millions, all the world over, demand Quaker Oats for their tables.

**Regular size
package, 10c**

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

**Except in Far
West and South.**



Look for the
Quaker trade-mark
on every package

The Quaker Oats Company
CHICAGO

"What the Public Wants"

SURELY David Warfield should know what the public wants, because no player on the stage has pleased it more consistently, more thoroughly. When it comes to actors, **Mr. Warfield** is quite right in what he says in our next SUNDAY MAGAZINE—and all he says is particularly interesting. He holds that what makes a great actor is personality. He may have all the other necessary qualifications,—deep craftsmanship, understanding, simplicity, sympathy,—but he cannot be a truly great actor without personality.

He tells you what he thinks the public wants—and he is mostly right about that too; although his conclusions are not the result of very profound thought. He might have summed it up by saying that the public is made up of individuals who want to be happy, and these men and women want plays that will make them happy, at least for a little time. Remember that laughter and happiness are often very different. Inasmuch as tears are the most valuable thing a play can produce, it is a safe deduction that tears make people happy—in plays.

This great American actor talks about the happy ending and what certain folk who rejoice in the possession of lofty domes of thought sometimes call the natural ending, which is a highbrow name for the unhappy ending. The principle is as true of stories as of plays.

A play or a story with an unhappy ending is an incomplete thing, merely the termination of an episode. Any real play or any real story can end happily or tragically. There is no middle ground between the happy ending and tragedy. The so-called natural ending is a confession of inability or disinclination to work out the problem. It is like a man building a house, who finds a place where he can stop or does stop because he doesn't want to go on. It can never be determined whether the house is a happy one or a tragic one until it is finished.

You will read what **Mr. Warfield** has to say with keen interest. He is a fine, wholesome, simple man; he is one of the few individuals whose nature is as big as his art. And he has ideas worth while.

ROY NORTON has a man story in this next issue of our SUNDAY MAGAZINE,—a particularly strong issue, by the way,—and when he writes of primal natures the tale is sure to have power and significance and moving sentiment. **THE WAR ON WAS-SEMEBI** tells of a quarrel between two friends who loved each other in the way of strong men. It is specially interesting in tracing the quarrel that became so bitter, and there is something of splendor in the way they came together again. Especially will you like the little doctor who had nothing to do with the quarrel, but risked his life and terrible suffering, after the manner of the men of his craft.

WHERE HEN STIDDERS HELD ON is a typical **Shorty McCabe** story, and there isn't anything better. Please consider the brilliant skill with which the "fighting" Sheriff of Cayuse County is drawn. You can see him as plainly as if he stood before you and you heard him talking. And his daughter Maggie is just as vivid. And the first instant that Maggie rings true you know that **Shorty** is going to be friendly and helpful. By the way, this story serves as a fine object lesson for what **Mr. Warfield** says.

ANTIPESSIMISM, by **Joe H. Ranson** also illustrates it. It would be a mighty fine thing if scientists could discover some talisman that would drive out of the minds of men those things which make the world unhappy; that is, it would be a good thing for the generation so blessed, but it isn't at all certain that it would be the best thing for future generations. And in the Big Scheme of Things the future always appears to be more important than the present. Still, there will not be much of a future unless we begin solving some of the big problems now.

THAT CHERRY TREE is a joyous skit by **Edgar Allen Forbes**, in which he edits the immortal story that comes to the fore every year at this time, and shows how it should be written to meet modern requirements.

IN the next instalment of **SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE** the possessor of the seventh key arrives. And it is pretty plain that part of the mystery will have to be cleared up quickly, or some of the folk must burst. It is a mighty lively climax.